

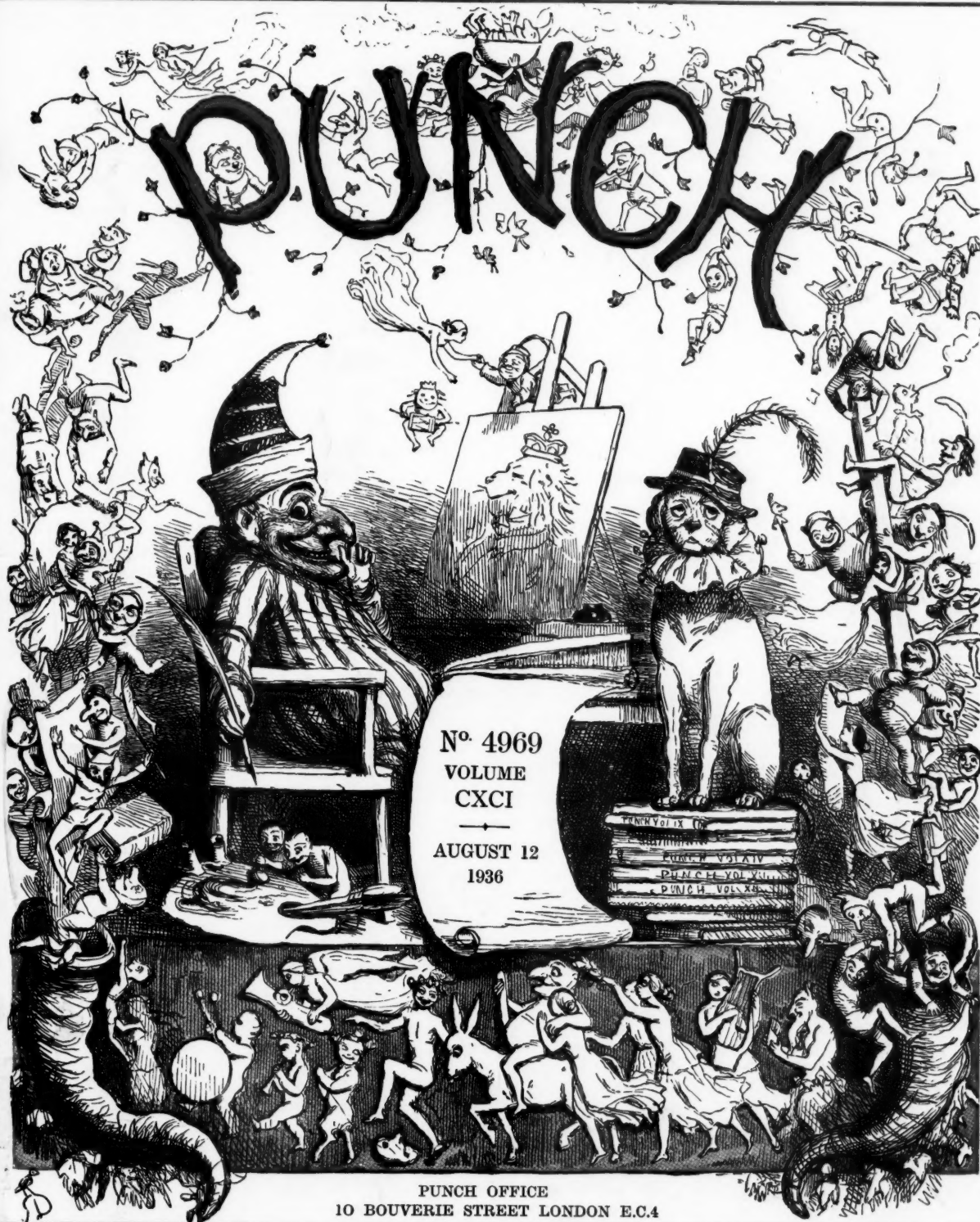
NEW **6^D** SIZE

GENASPRIN

NOW 2/- BOTTLE
INCREASED TO 50 TABLETS

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS.

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Player's Please





TEST REPORT OF VERY LIVELY, WELL-BALANCED PRODUCT

A Good Pick-up on an Open Throttle

By The Motoring Correspondent

I HAVE been looking into Saloons of late and have come to the conclusion that the Schweppes range is the best value on the road. One of their best models—in fact a perfect model of its class—is their Dry Ginger. It is easy to handle (the clutch never slips), keeps you nicely balanced and is most responsive to one's moods. I have tried it along with other and more supercharged drinks but it fairly schweppt past its rivals and came out on top every time. Consumption is, undoubtedly, rather high, it being very easy to pass from 1st to 3rd in 5 minutes, or even less. I fully expect this model to increase in popularity from London to John o' Groats.

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Charivaria.

ONE of the tragedies of London in August is that the busman wishing to take a busman's holiday often has difficulty in finding a seat.

★ ★ ★

Many of the new bathing dresses have to be believed to be seen.

★ ★ ★

A clergyman has been finding fault with the man who takes his wife to night-clubs. But, seriously, it's usually about the only place left to go to by the time she's ready.

★ ★ ★

"Do you know what my wife and I always open our meals with?" asks a newly-married correspondent. A tin-opener?



Seaside visitors are advised that pads made of cork and held over the ears by an elastic band will prevent the drums being damaged by too much moisture. Another method, of course, is to cut the melon into squares instead of slices.

★ ★ ★

In Switzerland there is a monument erected to a famous chef. Many people, however, consider that a good bust would have been more appropriate.

★ ★ ★

A man who wrestles with alligators has been visiting London. He is said to be willing to meet any saurian that is in its prime. No old crocs.

★ ★ ★

The new Waterloo Bridge will, we understand, be opened at the end of 1939. It is about time that someone took his place at the head of the queue to be the first to go over.

★ ★ ★

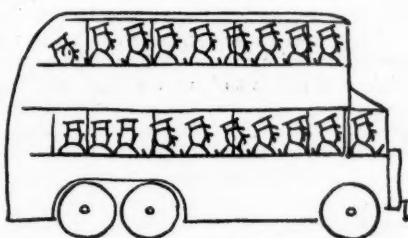
Seaside performers complain that the weather is making this country a land completely unfit for pierrots to live in.

★ ★ ★

A lecturer considers that the art of conversation is dying out on the stage. But not, of course, in the stalls.

★ ★ ★

A business man complains that his office-boy whistles popular tunes while at work. He's lucky. Ours just whistles popular tunes.



Owing to increased tourist traffic, it is stated, many more foreigners are learning English. The view of most British tourists is that they would be better employed in mastering their own language.

★ ★ ★

"What more does a man want during Cowes Week," asks a gossip-writer, "than a yacht, a charming companion, plenty of good books and a favourite pipe?" A peaked cap and some tobacco.

★ ★ ★

Alien dentists are being refused permits to practise in this country. There seems to be a prejudice against their foreign extraction.

★ ★ ★

Another instance of the Westernising of Turkey is the fact that DICKENS is to be translated into Turkish. Sketches by Bosphorus.

★ ★ ★

A woman writes to a daily paper to complain that wireless comedians are not nearly so funny as they were five years ago. That's queer—they're using exactly the same jokes.

★ ★ ★

There is a fear that the genuine Manx cat is dying out. It would seem that its end is even nearer than usual.

★ ★ ★

It is reported that an anonymous admirer has sent Miss MAE WEST a gift of some rare hyacinth bulbs. It is hoped that they will come up and see her sometime.

★ ★ ★

A scientist tells us that 50,000 germs could live on a two-shilling-piece for a year. It is not quite clear, however, if that includes tips.

★ ★ ★

Part of the roof of his house fell on a man as he was opening his front-door. He put it down to eaves-dropping.

★ ★ ★

It is reported that a ghost goes round a London golf-course every night. In bogey?

★ ★ ★

According to a psychologist a young man should always hold firmly to his ideal—except, of course, when he is driving a car.



International Fun and Games.

I DON'T know what it is about the Olympic Games, but the whole thing seems to be one long succession of troubles.

The Olympic Torch, having been symbolically kindled by the heat of the sun, has gone out and has had to be prosaically relighted with a match. And everybody knows that the flavour of an Olympic Torch is ruined if it has to be lighted twice.

Quite apart from this there is the usual difficulty about the Americans (who run unfairly fast), the Finns (who run far too far), and people like Poles and Letts who throw things indecent distances and hop-step-and-jump out of sight. We have sent the finest British team for years, but it is already distressingly clear that in a few weeks' time we are going to be telling one another that we don't win things because we treat a Game as a Game.

But I feel that at the moment all these difficulties pale into insignificance beside the business of the Salute. The athletes marched past Herr HITLER. The question, roughly, was—

- (a) To Heil or not to Heil.
- (b) If to Heil, how to Heil?
- (c) If not to Heil, how to avoid Heiling, making clear that we were not Heiling because we didn't agree with Heiling on principle, and *not* not Heiling just out of rudeness.

You see the trouble was that whatever we did, it might be misunderstood. Apparently "Heil HITLER," like "alsbald," may have several meanings, notably—

- (1) How do you do? or
- (2) How do you do, Herr HITLER? or
- (3) I agree with and/or approve of "Mein Kampf," Jew-baiting, the re-occupation of the Ruhr, Nazism in Danzig, the return of Tanganyika, and Herr JULIUS STREICHER. And, although we were all in favour of Heils (not to say Hochs) under (1) and (2), we didn't want anybody to think we were Heiling under significance (3).

As is now widely known the British team simply saluted by the familiar "Eyes right." I suppose that was in order, but I can't help being a little doubtful. A man stands there. One looks at him coldly and haughtily, and passes on without comment or sign of recognition. Really, when one comes to think of it, this is very much the same process as in the real old-fashioned Tranby Croft cut.

On the other hand it is difficult to think of a useful alternative. We could not—

- (a) Give the Nazi salute (see (3) above).
- (b) Salute in the ordinary way—for that would be militaristic and un-peace-loving.
- (c) Shake hands—because it would have taken too long.
- (d) Blow kisses—because it wasn't that sort of thing.
- (e) Make long noses—because that would have confused us with the Danzig team.

The only other signals which I can think of are: "I am going to turn to the right"; "I am slowing down"; or "Come by me on my right," and all these would have involved the risk of being misunderstood and run into by the people behind. And anyhow, on the Continent, they drive on the *right* . . . It was all very difficult.

But the problem *was* solved. At these games there was a large contingent of Americans, and whatever else one can say about Americans one *can* always depend upon them to

do the easy and graceful thing socially. So with this business of the Salute.

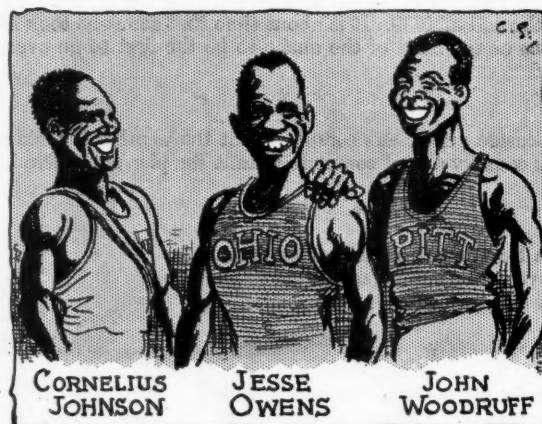
"The American Team," we read, "decided to salute with their straw-hats in their hands. The right arm was extended half forward and half right, about shoulder-high. The hats were carried in the right hands, so that nobody could mistake this gesture for the Nazi Salute."

Now this, I suggest, is pure diplomatic genius. The arm was raised half forward and half to the right. Herr GOEBBELS himself could hardly take exception to that—the true, the blushful Aryan Heil. But pause. Could it therefore possibly be construed as significance (3) above? No. For in the right hand was the straw-hat, the national symbol of America. The gesture says more plainly than any words "Heil—just as far as 100 per cent. America *can* Heil whilst remembering the Monroe Doctrine."

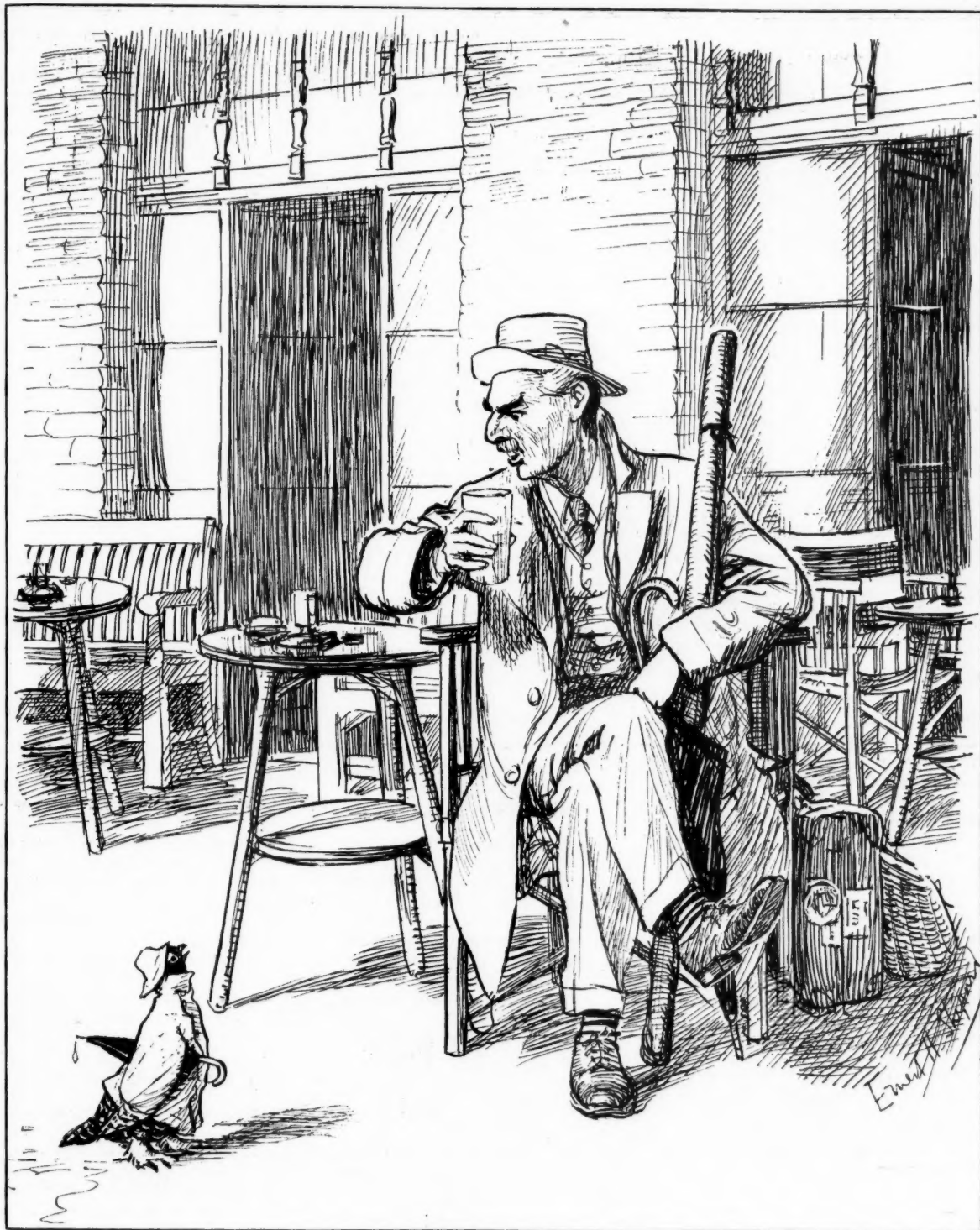
Now surely, surely somebody could have thought of an equally good idea for us? Something at once warmer and more courteous than "Eyes right," but at the same time definitely expressive of our foreign policy? I throw out the following as random hints:—

- (a) That the competitors should have made a series of graceful somersaults as they passed the FUEHRER, symbolising the firm and steady purpose of British policy in Europe.
- (b) That competitors should have carried in the right hand a large and rusty old revolver (unloaded), symbolising our will to Peace Through Strength.
- (c) That competitors should have carried ear-trumpets, which should have been brought to the ready when passing the Tribune, thus gracefully signifying that we are still waiting to hear from Herr HITLER about his peace proposals. Or, finally—
- (d) That the team, headed by Lord BEAVERBROOK, should have marched past the Tribune, taking no notice of Herr HITLER whatsoever, pretending he wasn't there, whilst gazing raptly through telescopes into the great wide spaces of the Empire.

I don't suggest for a moment that these are *finished* ideas. They are no more than artists' roughs. Moreover, nothing can be done about it now. The march is over. But I wish I had had a chance to put the thing up to the Olympic Committee. I *should* have liked to feel that even though we had no chance in the Field Events we were at least placed in the Political Obstacle Race.



BLACK LOOKS IN BERLIN.



THE UNIVERSAL GROUSE.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "I'VE COME UP TO HARROGATE TO TAKE THE WATERS."
YORKSHIRE GROUSE. "THA MUST BE DAFT, LAD. AH'VE BEEN DOIN' NOWT ELSE FOR MONTHS."



"LET'S TOSS FOR PARTNERS, ANYHOW."

Problem of the Week.

You are on your way home from London by car, and on nearing the end of your journey find you are a little later than you intended. You therefore stop in a village and enter a telephone-booth to ring up your wife and say you are nearly back but will be just a little late for lunch. Before lifting the receiver you remember for once to look and see if you have any coppers, and find you possess just the necessary couple, so you ask the girl for your number, and after an interval are told to drop two pennies in the slot. You drop one in (*bing*); you drop the second in (*bing*), but then (*bicker-wicker*) it goes right through and comes out in the tray. Probably bent or under-nourished or something: it does look a little old—1867. Still, you hastily try it again: same result—*bing, bicker-wicker*. But before you can collect yourself to deal with the situation the operator says, "You're through!" and, by gum, you are!

You realise that the girl, in her anxiety to do a quick and efficient job, has plugged you through the moment

she heard the second *bing*. She is now under the impression you have paid your twopence, whereas it has been returned to you half-fold. In short, you are a penny ahead of the game.

The problem now is, What does A do? I assume, of course, that you are not so sunk in shame as to go on with your conversation like an honest telephoning citizen when all the time you'll really be feloniously using electrical current belonging to the KING. Meanwhile your wife is repeating sweetly, "Hullo! Yes?"—which you know will change as soon as you answer to a chilly "Oh, it's *you*, is it?"

Well, what does A do? You, of course, are A.

* * * * *

There are several methods, my dear A, of attacking this problem. First we have

(a)—THE SCRUPULOUSLY HONEST.

The most important thing, if you adopt this method, is to insist on paying a second penny by some means or other before you say a word; though this last may be a little difficult if you are a well-trained husband and your

wife is continually demanding "Hullo! Who is it?" in your ear. And paying the penny is hardly less easy when the only one you have is that poor old 1867 dotard. For when you have put it through five times (*bing*) and it has reappeared five times (*bicker-wicker*), you begin to realise that it is no mere temporary lack of co-operation (as sometimes happens) which makes its journey a non-stop one, but a genuine and fundamental disability in the coin itself, due to increasing age and frailty. You have then two courses: either get another penny—a young robust penny which will stay put—or else get this old penny in some other way.

The first course at first blush looks fairly easy. All you have to do is to lay the receiver down and go across the road to the village shop. Like most village shops, it is hellish dark and smelling of cheese. A bell goes off with an explosive *kerplong* as you open the door: it makes you jump nearly a foot. A moment later it does make you jump quite a foot, nearer fifteen inches maybe, because it has a two-way *kerplong*, and *kerplongs* again as you shut it. It disturbs no one else, how-

ever, for three minutes, when an old man crawls out apparently from under a box at the back and peers at you. You tell him you want change for a penny; that is, you hastily add as his mouth falls open, you want another penny. This request frightens him right away and out of your life. His place is taken by a young woman who, after you have explained several times, gives you a fat and well-liking penny in exchange for your lean and ill-favoured one. You return quickly, pop it in (*bing*) and pick up the receiver. After listening a moment you realise that your wife, having been kept waiting all this time, is perhaps not in the best frame of mind for receiving the information that you will be late to lunch, later even than you would have been when you started to tell her you were going to be late, if you see what I mean. You put the receiver back, get in the car and go home, condoling subsequently with your wife all lunch about fools who ring her up and then don't answer.

So perhaps after all the second alternative is simpler, that is, to get your penny in some other way, for a cursory examination of the box will show you that you only need a strong jemmy and you can have the lid off

in no time and put the penny in. On the other hand the telephone-booths are made of glass and people, even village policemen, can see in; so possibly you'd better adopt another method altogether of dealing with the situation, such as—

(b)—THE WOULD-BE HONEST.

Have your telephone call, saying to yourself you'll send the penny along later to the P.M.G. as conscience-money. Go on saying this: one day you'll forget to say it any more.

(c)—THE HONEST IN THE LONG RUN.

Put in a florin instead (*bing*). Then the next time you make a telephone call at home, ring the operator afterwards and ask her to cancel the call, please, as you got a wrong number. (They nearly always take your word for this.) Do this twenty-two more times over a period of weeks, and you and the Post-Office will be all square. Be sure you don't do it more than the twenty-three times altogether, though: it wouldn't be straight.

(d)—THE SIMPLEST AND BEST.

The charge for your call is two pennies for three minutes, and you have only paid one penny. Therefore, at

the end of one-and-a-half minutes, say, "Thrrree minutes, please," in a feminine voice, and cut yourself abruptly off—or rather your wife, who'll probably be doing the talking at the time—with honour satisfied. Another advantage of this method is that, properly handled, it'll just give you enough time to explain that you're going to be late and will hardly leave any for your wife to say what *she* thinks about the situation. A. A.

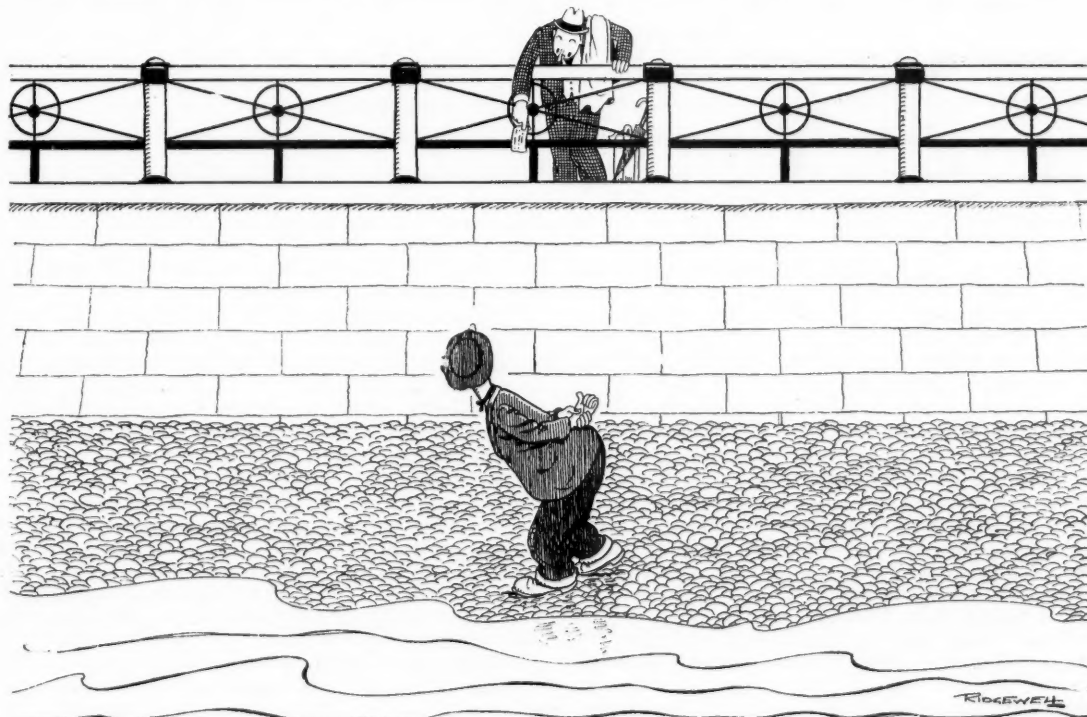
My Lido.

WHEN in my morning bath at ease
I lol and see the sky and trees
And feel the happy singing breeze,
How often have I longed to stay
Just so all day!

For then it is my jaded brain
Is fed with fancies once again
Which, later, vanish—born in vain;
Yet in my bath they simply teem,
And great they seem.

Now if I could but wait to write
Them down (the temperature not quite
At boiling-point), their chance for flight
Would end, and they might even
grow—

You never know!



Departing Visitor. "I SAY, IF YOU COME ACROSS A RATHER NATTY LITTLE BONE COLLAR-STUD YOU MIGHT COMMUNICATE WITH ME AT THIS ADDRESS."

The Bogchester Chronicles.

The Save the Countryside Society.

"Ah, Sir George, the Victorian age has a lot to answer for."
"You are quite right, Mr. Todd."

"If they had preserved these beautiful old relics as soon as they fell into disuse there would be no need for our efforts now."

"No, indeed, Mr. Todd."

We are on our way to view the results of Mr. Todd's activities on behalf of the Save the Countryside Society. The first general meeting of our branch is to take place next week and Mr. Todd is anxious that the more influential members shall get a clear idea of his suggestions for using the funds. Our principal objective is the old and disgracefully neglected windmill on William Marsden's farm; but Mr. Todd tells us that he has also something to show us in Middleton Tyas. Accordingly when we reach the village street I order Henry to stop the car and we dismount.

OLD-WORLD ACTIVITY.

Mr. Todd leads the way to the village forge, and we peer in through the half-open door to see Willie Moffat the blacksmith hard at work beating out a horseshoe. A scene like that, says Mrs. Gloop enthusiastically, is typical of all that is best in English country life; and then Mr. Todd explains the reason for our visit.

It appears, he says, that Willie Moffat is dissatisfied with this idyllic existence and is thinking of turning the forge into a garage. The picturesque confusion within is to give way to lathes and oil-drums; the musical jingle of harness will be replaced by the snorts of motor-cars, and, worse still, there is every likelihood that a row of petrol-pumps will appear on the outside of the forge.

We realize that one of the first steps of the Save the



"TELL US," SAYS MRS. GLOOP KINDLY—"AREN'T YOU HAPPY IN YOUR LIFE?"

Countryside Society must be to send a strong letter to the District Council protesting against this proposed act of vandalism in Middleton Tyas.

At that moment Willie Moffat looks up and sees the deputation at his door. "Well?" he says sourly. "I've heard of your game."

"Tell us," says Mrs. Gloop kindly—"aren't you happy in your life?"

"You can't make money shoeing horses when there aren't no horses to shoe."

"There are better things in life than money, Willie Moffat," cries Mrs. Gloop. But it is evident as we leave the

forge that we shall never be able to make him understand that we are working for the ultimate good of the community.

WILLIAM MARSDEN'S WINDMILL.

Fortunately it is unlikely that Willie Moffat will have much say in the matter. But things are different in the case of William Marsden's windmill. As we regain our seats in the car Mrs. Gloop remarks once more how undesirable it is for a farmer to be the owner of the land he farms. As a class, she points out, farmers have no respect for tradition. One would have thought that they, more than anyone else, would have realized that the agricultural methods of a hundred years ago are of far more interest and importance than those of the present day. But



"THE WHEELS SPIN ROUND, PROJECTING A STREAM OF LIQUID MUD OVER MR. TODD."

apparently they don't; and when they are the owners of their farms they are apt to commit acts of vandalism which should be prevented by law.

William Marsden's windmill is a case in point. Not only have the sails been allowed to fall to rack and ruin, but the entrance to it has been ruthlessly enlarged to allow the ground floor to house a motor-tractor. The mill should have been bought up and preserved long ago; but fortunately it is not yet too late, and we are already determined that the Save the Countryside Society shall perform this great public service.

The windmill stands on the crown of a hill at a little distance from the road. Its gaunt, derelict arms, stretched out in mute appeal against the sky, make an unforgettable impression on any true lover of the countryside. But it is an impression which is somewhat marred by the sight of William Marsden negotiating the entrance in his roaring, snorting motor-tractor.

A DIFFICULT INTERVIEW.

This seems to be a good opportunity for approaching the owner, and accordingly Sir George, shouting as best he can above the din of the tractor, explains the object of our visit. He announces that the Society is ready to buy the mill at a reasonable price and to restore it to something like its original condition.

"What for?" bellows William Marsden.

We find this a rather difficult question to answer. Our reasons should of course be self-evident, but they are not easy to express with all this noise going on. "We just want to preserve it," Sir George shouts back at length.

"Nay," roars William Marsden suspiciously, "I know

what you want. You want to turn it into a tea-room, same as that one out Clumphampton way. Or maybe a night-club. Well, I'm not going to have goings-on on my land. Wouldn't be right. Besides, I'm going to turn it into a barn."

Then, to our horror, he tells us that he is going to pull out all the irreplaceable old machinery in order to make a store for cattle-fodder.

"And those beautiful old wooden gear-wheels?" cries Mrs. Gloop in alarm.

"Cut 'em up for firewood," replies William Marsden, letting in the clutch of his tractor. The wheels spin round, projecting a stream of liquid mud over Mr. Todd, and he goes careering away across country.

We are left aghast at the thought that this fine old mill, built by the loving hands of a past generation, should now have fallen so low that it is to be used for the unromantic purposes of agriculture—that is of course of present-day agriculture. But it seems that there is nothing to be done.

THE STRANGE IDEAS OF MR. TODD.

However, Mr. Todd tells us that no such problem as this will arise in the case of the next building on his list. With this assurance we return to the car in a slightly more cheerful frame of mind.

Our way takes us through a leafy lane skirting the edge of a wood. By-and-by we reach a pack-horse bridge crossing a limpid stream, on the further bank of which is a clearing in the trees; and in the middle of this stand some ancient buildings.

A tall brick factory chimney in the last stages of decay thrusts upward to the sky. Below it stands a forlorn



"WELL, IT'S AN OUT-OF-DATE MILL, ISN'T IT?"
ASKS MR. TODD.

cluster of brick huts, their window-panes blackened or broken and a tangle of weeds growing up all round them.

"There!" says Mr. Todd proudly. "The old glue factory."

Mrs. Gloop surveys the scene of desolation with some distaste. "Surely, Mr. Todd," she says, "you are not suggesting that we should preserve this."

"Well, it's an out-of-date mill, isn't it?" asks Mr. Todd.

"Not picturesque," asserts Sir George firmly.

"We have got to think of posterity," says Mr. Todd earnestly. "Windmills were not considered picturesque a hundred years ago, and now it is too late to preserve most of them. Any modern artist will tell you that there is no sight more beautiful than that of a factory chimney against

an evening sky. And now the factory chimneys are in danger of disappearing from our district. This generation must not lay itself open to the charge of ruthless destruction which was laid against the Victorian age."

"Well," says Sir George, "all I can say is that it is not my idea of a picturesque building." And I find myself agreeing with him heartily.

It seems that an unfortunate difference of opinion has already arisen in the Save the Countryside Society. We refuse Mr. Todd's invitation to inspect the ruins, and, feeling that there is nothing more to be done to-day, I order Henry to drive us home. Mr. Todd resumes his seat in offended silence.

AN UNDIGNIFIED SITUATION.

But the return journey is not accomplished without incident. As we are passing through Middleton Tyas the car slows down and comes to a halt.

"Don't stop, Henry," I call out.

"Drive on," commands Mrs. Gloop.

"I can't," says Henry. "Something's gone wrong."

He gets out and makes a pretence of looking at the engine; but from bitter experience I already suspect what has happened. "We've run out of petrol," he admits at last.

In our present plight I am not at all pleased to see at this moment that Willie Moffat is hurrying to the scene, a large grin on his face.

"Something gone wrong?" he asks. "Now if only there was a garage here you could be on your way again in five minutes."

"We've run out of petrol," says Henry shortly.

"Ah! Well, someone'll have to walk into Bogchester to get some. It's a real pity there's nowhere nearer. Still, I dare say he can get back in a couple of hours."

"You will have to telephone for help, Henry," says Mrs. Gloop, taking charge of the situation.

"Telephone, Ma'am?" says Willie Moffat in mock surprise. "Why there's nothing like that here. We're just a quaint old-world village."

"Very well," announces Mrs. Gloop. "Henry will have to walk in to Bogchester, and in the meantime we shall have tea here."

"Tea?" cries Willie Moffat. "There ain't no tea to be had in this village. Spoils the charm of a place if you start giving teas to folk."

THE AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

With these words Willie Moffat saunters back to his work. It seems incredible to me that, in the twentieth century, anyone could be stranded in such a benighted spot as this. After a long pause Sir George voices the thought that is uppermost in my own mind.

"Do you think," he asks, "that a petrol-pump could be disguised to look like something else?"

"It might be made in the form of a dovecot," I suggest.

"I had thought of that. But then there is the pipe to consider. Do you think that a wayside gibbet would be inappropriate in this village?"

"Not at all, Sir George," I reply warmly. "An excellent suggestion. It doesn't really matter what it looks like so long as it looks like something old and disused."

"If Henry was my chauffeur I don't know that a wayside gibbet would be disused," says Mrs. Gloop in commanding tones.

But by the time he returns an hour later all of us except Mr. Todd are agreed that the funds of the Save the Countryside Society must be devoted to bringing the benefits of civilization to the ridiculously remote villages of our district.

H. W. M.

The Barbers' Bill.

WE all want to be registered now. We feel that if we are not registered and incorporated and licensed people will not take us as seriously as we deserve. Even the wild journalists have a Bill before Parliament which would forbid anyone to call himself a "journalist" unless a statutory journalist, duly registered, et-cetera. It would not, however, prevent anyone who was not a statutory et-cetera journalist from practising journalism, so that those citizens who have been invited to "make money in their spare time" by "learning to write in six lessons," need not be afraid. But the Hairdressers' (Registration) Bill is bolder.

This Barbers' Bill, as I understand it, seeks to bring back to the craft of barbering (not my word, but 15th century) the dignity of bygone days, when it was acknowledged as a profession and associated with the art of surgery.

The barbers of England, my Encyclopædia tells me, "first received incorporation from EDWARD IV. in 1461. By 32 HENRY VIII., c. 42, they were united with the Company of Surgeons, it being enacted that the barbers should confine themselves to the minor operations of blood-letting and drawing teeth, while the surgeons were prohibited from 'barbery or shaving.'"

But the surgeons rose in repute and the barbers fell. "The barber's shop was the favourite resort of idle persons (shame!); and in addition to its attraction as a focus of news, a lute, viol, or some such musical instrument was always kept for the entertainment of waiting customers." A pretty picture, a sound device; but it was too frivolous for Harley Street. And "in 1745 barbers and surgeons were separated into distinct corporations."

How Harley Street must hate to see a barber's pole! For that (did you know?) records and symbolizes the barber's surgical past. "The fillet round the pole indicated the ribbon for bandaging the arm in bleeding, and the basin the vessel to receive the blood."

But about the Bill. There is to be a British Hairdressing Board—"with perpetual succession and a common seal and with power to acquire and hold lands without licence in mortmain" (Clause 3).

The Chairman is to be appointed by His Majesty's Privy Council; one member is to be appointed by the Minister of Health, and the other eight are to be Master Hairdressers

and Assistant Hairdressers, as defined by the Act.

"Hairdressing" is defined as "the performance of any treatment of the hair, scalp, face, hands or arms of any person for the cleanliness, comfort or better appearance thereof, and includes the diagnosis and treatment of any disease of the hair and scalp, face, hands or arms, providing the treatment is not of a nature requiring medical attention and does not include the performance of any operation for which an anæsthetic is required."

Well, the Board will register the barber—the *bona-fide* barber; and the barber will then be "entitled to practise hairdressing in any part of Great Britain." But woe unto the *bogus* barber who is not registered and is not a doctor! It is an offence for an unregistered person to "take or use the name or title of hairdresser," and for this he may be fined one hundred pounds on a second offence. It will cost him the same sum, on a first offence, if he "practises or holds himself out as practising or being prepared to practise hairdressing."

Moreover, the pirate-barber will "not be entitled to recover any charge or fee in any court for the performance of any act of hairdressing or for any hairdressing attendance or advice." So if you feel inclined you will be able to pop in and get an unauthorized shave for nothing.

However, we may take it that all right-minded barbers will see that they are put on the register—and remain there. The Board, I see, may remove from the register any barber who is dead, who is a lunatic, who fails to pay his subscription, or who is "adjudged by the Board to have been guilty of infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect."

Goodness, what is all this? Infamous professional conduct? In a barber? It is impossible to imagine. In all the long history of the genial craft did anyone ever hint at such a possibility? True, at one establishment there was a murder or two; but SWEENEY TODD is the only name that leaps to the mind; and if a hairdresser is bent on committing murder he is not likely to be deterred by the reflection that his name may be removed from the register. What can be in the minds of those who back this Bill? We cannot tell. But once these ominous words are on the Statute Book we shall begin to imagine things. That is the worst of trying to get people to take one seriously: they go too far.

The British Hairdressing Board is going to be a big thing. They may

"approve any school, college or centre of training for hairdressing," and, having approved, exact an "annual fee of fifty pounds from the approved school," etc. They may (as I think I said) acquire and hold lands without licence in mortmain. They may make Regulations about almost everything in the world of barbering—as "(e) for regulating the time, place, and conduct of examination of persons desiring to qualify for registration, and the fees to be charged in connection therewith," and "(f) for prescribing the training appropriate for the qualification of a registered person, whether as a master, an instructor, an assistant, an apprentice, or a student." And these Regulations, whatever about, shall be subject to the approval of the Minister and . . . "shall be laid before each House of Parliament, and if an address is presented to HIS MAJESTY by either House of Parliament. . . ."

Heavy weather—what? I mean, is all this really . . . ? I mean, I don't know what the barbers will think of the Board, but I must say the Board frighten me.

We must not, however, and do not, speak lightly of this measure before we hear the case for it. It fits quite neatly into the pattern of modern life; and if everyone else may be "corporate," blow me if I see why the barbers should not be corporate too! That is, if they really feel that way. But do they? I mean, the jolly voluble, bubbling, bonhomous, independent barber—is he too to be turned out like a *blancmange*? Well, well, I suppose "the public" will benefit, if he does not?

But will they? As a rule in these mathematical arrangements there is some provision for the consumer, some opportunity for him to complain and be a nuisance. As a rule, he is represented on the Board. But on the British Hairdressing Board there will be only hairdressers—except the two nominees of the Privy Council and the Minister of Health, who will almost certainly be bald. What about the barber who on a wet Monday morning brutally informs you that "It's surprisingly thin on top, Sir"; or "Another year and you'll be bald"? What about that magician who with scarcely a spoken word compels you to buy that bottle of "stuff" which you have sworn you will not buy? What about the one who insists on taking a cheerful view of the world when you are determined to feel suicidal? What about— But perhaps all this comes under "infamous conduct in a professional respect"?

A. P. H.



TO GET THE BEST RESULTS, CRAZY PAVING SHOULD ALWAYS BE LAID BY CRAZY PAVIORS.



"D'YOU SAY 'PLEASED TO MEET YOU,' EVEN IF YOU'VE MET 'IM BEFORE?"

Mr. Silvertop's Heredity.

YEARS ago we were left a clock. Quite a good clock, in the drawing-room mantelpiece class; but no one had ever succeeded in persuading it not to strike seventeen until Mr. Silvertop took it in hand. All he did was to breathe over it heavily and give it a little abdominal massage, but the old clock recognised his master's touch and reverted instantly to the narrow path of truth.

"It's something near a miracle," I told him. "How is it that some men, like myself, have only to look at machinery for it to curl up and die, while for you and your kind it'll go out of its way to please? Has the gift always been in your family?"

Mr. Silvertop removed his worn bowler for a moment to scratch his massive dome.

"Not by no means it 'asn't, not always," he said. "My old Dad used to take an 'ammer and chisel to open 'is watch, and 'e couldn't knock two match-boxes together without gashing

'imself 'orribly. Whatever I got I got from my Grandpa—'e was a beautiful 'andyman."

"Was that his job?"

"Not ezactly," said Mr. Silvertop; "'is was a queer story. When 'e was a nipper 'e was for ever making things and mending things and pulling 'em to pieces, and it seemed 'e was all set for going into the mechanical line when 'e left school. But fate decided different. Fate bunged 'im into elephants."

"Fate did what?" I asked.

"Fate bunged 'im into elephants. My Great-grandma 'ad an old flame 'oo ran a circus and wanted a junior elephant-man, and some'ow my Grandpa found 'imself in the job. And not un'appy in it neither, for it made 'im feel kind of solid to be earning 'is living in anything as 'eavy and respectable as elephants, and the work was 'ardly killing. All 'e 'ad to do in the daytime was give them their grub and put a nice shine on their 'ides with furniture-polish, and all 'e 'ad to do at night was to rub 'is dial with walnut-stain, get into Maharoojah's

togs, take the brutes into the ring and crack 'is whip at the right part of each trick so the audience didn't guess 'e was following the elephants instead of them following 'im.

"Well, elephants became an 'abit with 'im, as they do, and by the time 'e was thirty 'e'd become 'ead-man and married my Grandma and 'ad my old Dad. But all the time the craftsman in 'im was being starved, as you might say. There aren't many repairs you can do to an elephant, if you take my meaning, and one day when 'e found 'imself taking a spanner to Gladstone, the oldest gentleman-elephant, because 'e 'ad a pain in 'is toe, 'e began to wonder if 'e oughtn't to chuck up the job.

"As it 'appened Gladstone, 'oo was proper wild about the spanner, made up 'is mind for 'im by picking 'im up and sousing 'im in the sea-lions' tank, and when 'e'd swum ashore 'e goes and asks for 'is money. Then 'e goes 'ome to my Grandma to talk over what 'e's going to do.

"It must be something with machinery, for I've got cogs in my

blood,' e ses to 'er, 'but I've 'ad to do with them elephants so long now I'm going to miss their size.'

"There's only one line for you, Alfred," ses my Grandma, 'and that's steam-rollers.' 'Corlumme! That's it!' 'e ses, and steam-rollers it was. 'E got a berth with a Borough Council, and they wasn't no time in finding out that 'e 'ad a wonderful natural way with steam-rollers—a wonderful natural way," Mr. Silvertop repeated. "'Is time with the elephants 'adn't been wasted, for it 'ad given 'im rare patience with big, slow, dumb things, and them steam-rollers seemed to know it and do their best for 'im when 'e was on the cab. In next to no time 'e was steam-roller foreman, and they even lent 'im for a year to a firm what was sending out steam-rollers to the East, to give lectures to darkie-drivers on the 'abits of the steam-roller. 'E was the first man to drive one through Jerusalem, my Grandpa was, and that was something to remember, as 'e used to say.

"Steam-rollers was 'is notion of 'eaven. 'E never got tired of tinkering

'em up till they was in what you might call racing tune. And when the time come for 'im to retire 'e grew proper miserable. 'E'd saved a tidy bit and bought 'imself ever such a nice cottage, but the thought of leaving 'is precious rollers made 'im fair blue.

"Look 'ere,' ses the Borough Engineer, 'oo liked 'is joke—'why don't you buy one of the old ones and keep it as a pet?' 'Ow much?' asks my Grandpa. 'You can 'ave the old green one for a tenner,' ses the Engineer, 'it's due to be scrapped anyway.' 'Done,' ses my Grandpa, and when 'e said anything 'e meant it.

"'E knocks up a garage beside the cottage and paints the old bus scarlet with yeller wheels and christens it 'Gladstone,' and there wasn't an 'appier old chap in England. On fine days 'e used to start getting up steam after dinner, and when 'e'd 'ad 'is tea 'e used to take my Grandma for a spin round the village. 'Eaven knows why the ruddy thing didn't explode, the 'ead of steam 'e used to raise for the sake of the village. You could 'ear it

coming a mile off, and 'im sitting on 'is cab as proud as Punch.

"Near eighty 'e got the death 'e'd 'ave chosen. 'E was out for a run by 'imself one evening and just passed out at 'is wheel."

"That was poetic," I said, "but mightn't there have been a nasty accident?"

"There might," Mr. Silvertop admitted, "if the old geyser 'adn't sensed what 'ad 'appened and just pulled up and waited. You see, 'e 'ad a wonderful *natural* way with steam-rollers, my Grandpa 'ad." ERIC.

"For some of the fightres the trouble is aggravated by the fact that air-craft of silhouettes similar to their own are being employed to represent enemy raiders."

Daily Paper.

The blightres!

"On the upper deck there is a blue and silver dining-room, the colour scheme of which is stone-grey and deep rhododendron red."—Evening Paper.

Of course that's only the colour scheme; the colour is actually green and banana-yellow.



"I HOPE THE BED IS WELL AIRED?"

"WELL, THE LAST LOT'S ONLY JUST LEFT. IT AIN'T HARDLY COLD YET."

Premonitory Rumblings.

"I HAVE a premonition," said Stephen, "of my approaching end."

He looked away as he spoke that I might see from the set of the jaw and the strong line of the firm yet mobile lips how courageously he faced the black and bitter future. However, I never waste sympathy on people with premonitions.

"Are your affairs in order?" I asked sternly.

"Yes."

"And your life insured?"

"Heavily."

"Then you have nothing to worry about. All you have to do is to sit back and await the end with the calmness and courage your friends will expect from you. You will know, without advice from me, how best to conduct yourself during the few short months or weeks, it may be only hours, that are left to you. History is not wanting in examples of men whose serenity and fortitude in the face of imminent extinction may serve as models for you in this the evening of your life. SOCRATES has received widespread recognition—"

"Evening of my life—hell!" said Stephen, with a freedom which I thought ill-judged in one with his premonition so strong upon him. "I'm only thirty-eight."

"Even the shortest day closes with evening," I reminded him. "But never mind that. I am only trying to show you that your mind should be at peace. Nothing can worry you now. As you look back over the years—"

"Oh, I'm prepared all right; it isn't that. It's just that I should have liked to make some small mark in the world before I go. It seems such a pity to have been quite without interest even to one's own generation."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"Vanity, Stephen," I said, thunderstruck, "vanity! Not content with an eventual appearance under 'Recent Wills and Bequests' you want a little paragraph all to yourself regretting the decease of Mr. Aloysius Stephen the noted stockbroker. Isn't that what you are hankering after? Or 'the well-known Bull'? Is it possible," I said, for the man had a shamefaced look about him—"is it even possible that you have had dreams of being called the 'Doyen of Throgmorton Street'?"

"Well, and why not?" he cried, attempting to bluster. "At least, not that exactly, but something like it. What's the harm in being known as 'Putney's Foremost Financial Expert,' if you want to be? Tell me that."

"Is anybody known as that?" I asked incredulously.

"I don't know. Probably. There are hundreds of those sort of titles going about, if one only knew how to get hold of them. Only last week I read an obituary of a lady which said 'She was known as "The most generous woman in South-West London," or something of the kind.'

"It seems a ponderous sort of nickname."

"Not more so than 'The Father of Modern French Literature,'" Stephen objected reasonably enough, "and a great deal more descriptive. You might say the same of 'Weston-super-Mare's Pluckiest Bus-Conductor.'"

"I should," I admitted. "But seriously, Stephen, if that's the sort of title you want why not set about trying to qualify for one. Provided of course that— Did this premonition of yours specify any particular date for the—er—the unhappy event?"

"No-o," he said slowly. "No. I suppose I might have a year or two yet. But the trouble is I can't quite decide what would be the best line to take. It's difficult, you see, to know what one could really count on becoming known as."

Obviously I haven't got time to create any stir in the City, but I thought that at home, up in Hampstead—"

"What are your attainments?" I asked.

"Well, I play bridge, and a little tennis," said Stephen, "and I'm fond of music, and I belong to a Debating Society, though I seldom speak—"

"The Playboy of North London," I hazarded.

"I'm good at dancing too," said Stephen thoughtfully.

"What about 'The Hippocleides of Hampstead,' then?"

"Hippocleides? Who was he?"

"He entered for a dancing competition and got a bad mark for standing on his head and waving his legs in the air. You could do that, couldn't you?"

Stephen looked pained.

"I don't want notoriety, thanks," he said severely.

"Oh, then we shall have to hear some more of your attainments. You don't, I suppose, make a habit of pulling drowning dogs out of mill-ponds or being lowered down cliffs on ropes to rescue stranded cormorants? Nothing of that sort? No. Well, what about relations? Have you a maiden aunt you could travel 14,000 miles to see?"

"What would be the good of that?"

"You would automatically become 'The Man who Travelled 14,000 Miles to See His Maiden Aunt,'" I explained. "One of the men, at any rate."

"I've got a maiden aunt I would travel 14,000 miles not to see."

"It might do," I said, considering, "if you got proper publicity on the journey. But wouldn't your aunt be offended?"

"Oh, go and boil your head!" said Stephen angrily, snatching up his hat.

"You know, there's only one thing I'm really afraid of," I said as he reached the door.

"Well?"

"That you'll become known as 'The Man Whose Premonition Didn't Come True.'"

There was no reply. "Hampstead's Most Sensitive Stockbroker" had gone.

H. F. E.

Scots Phrase-Book for the Twelfth.

*WAD some Power the giftie gie us
Tae see the sonsie gab o' a grouse.*

Aiblins that's a { haggis
gaberlunzie } keeking at us ower { that butt
caipercailzie } { yon dyke
bunnet

Gin ye pass the { gless
usquebaugh } I'll hae a { hauf
milk } { wee doch an doris

Man, it's a sair fecht selimming this hill

Ilka yin o' us is the same, I'm fair { peching
ramfeezled
tapsalterie

Hae ye nae { gumption } at aw { Beater?
smeddum } { Baillie?
Col. McIlwham?

Dinna be blate, gie him { baith barrels
mair whisky
a dod on the lug

It's an unco { snell
wat } mornin'. It wad gar ye greet
cauld

We hivna seen ower muckle burrds the day
Blaw blaw the mist awa

See's ma ither { gun
flask } Major
cartridge



JUST FOR A CHANGE!



"NOW, CHILDREN, COME AND GET DRESSED FOR BED."



"I SAY! CHEERY LITTLE THING—WHAT?"

"YES, QUITE A LITTLE RAY OF ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE, ISN'T SHE?"

. . . Non Olet?

[“Prospecting for oil has begun in Sussex.”—*Daily Press*.]

THEY’RE drilling for oil in the Sussex Weald—
Oh, happy must England be
When the forest of derricks shall oust the oak
And the pipe-line seeks the sea!
When the very dew-ponds are freshly filled
No longer from heaven above,
And magnates from London skip like rams
Towards the land we love!

On many and many a village green
A maypole strange shall stand;
Dago and Dutchman, Greek and Jew
Shall dance there hand in hand;
Though the shepherd’s pipe be heard no more,
Of piping shall be no lack,
And sheep enough on the Southdown turf,
Though mainly, it may be, black!

Oil has been struck on the Sussex shore,
Though that is an old affair.
(You have seen Lord Bilkus on Brighton beach—
So noble and so bare);
But the little places behind the Downs,
Surely their turn will come

When a richer odour than thyme or may
Rises to make things hum.

The long-legged heron shall fish no more
Where Arun’s levels wind;
The rich fat scum that its flood shall bear
Were scarcely to his mind.
The rich fat scum—oh, words of power!
Tinklings of greasy gold
Shall serve, when the flaming gusher reeks,
To lull the distant fold.

* * * * *

There are those whom Progress has left behind—
Heavy and hopeless clods—
Whose blasphemous prayers are lifted up
To the ancient Southland gods
That the timeless spirits of weald and down
May baffle the questing drill,
That the Spirit to which we owe too much
May never those boreholes fill,
That Fate who tempered her gift of iron
By giving the North the coal
May save for Sussex by equal dearth
Something they call her soul.



THE VICTIM.

SPAIN. "WHICHEVER WINS, MY AGONY ENDURES!"

A
=

m
an
si
be
on
na

a
ce
N
of
be
p
R
th
ne
a
ne
p
m
th
in
va
an
re
de
a

in
fi
m
ac
if
to
ca
sh
of
se
m
th
be

m
F
ne
E
th
pl

th
F
th

What the Public Wants;

Or, the Newshawk's Vade-Mecum.

LESSON II.—FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WE will assume that the student has mastered the intricacies of Home News and has found it to be a PROFITABLE SPARE-TIME EMPLOYMENT. He will now be in a position to study the next step on the road to the editorial sanctum, namely, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Intelligence is really quite a simple matter if you are thoroughly conversant with the rules of Home News. All you have to do is to think of some unusual subject, say a duel between two men with blunderbusses, put the word BRNO at the top and REUTER at the bottom (just to show that if anybody is wrong it is Reuter and not you), and there you are. You have a complete five-line paragraph which nobody would care or even be in a position to contradict. Some reader may write a letter pointing out that the same thing happened in Iceland in '29, in Greenland in '27 and in various other countries in '15, '14, '08 and '04, and threatening to cancel his registration. But readers, after all, are docile people, and what is one among a Certified Net Sale of 6,075,318?

As in all cases, the main object in inventing Foreign Intelligence is to fill up space. But in certain cases it may be used for strengthening and adding cogency to a Campaign. Thus, if the editor of *The Daily Outcry* wishes to devote his leader one day to advocating that all British railway-coaches should be made of steel (as he very often does), how much better if he scatters judiciously through the paper news of terrible railway accidents in the Ukraine which might easily have been averted *if, etc., etc.*

SPECIAL NOTE ON UNITY OF PLACE.

As in Home News, the three unities must here also be obeyed. But in Foreign Intelligence we obviously cannot say that our news comes from Ealing or Surbiton, so we must modify this rule somewhat. The principal places for Foreign Intelligence are—

Ljubljana.

Riga.

Anywhere in Yugoslavia.

Anywhere in Check-and-gobackia.

Brno.

Tibet.

The Middle West of America (the famous Hick States).

It is not merely chance that makes these places centres (hotbeds) of Foreign Intelligence. It is because they are lands of mystery, doubt and



PERFIDY ON THE PIER.

Indignant Voice (from behind the old school tie). "AND YOU'VE GOT THE NERVE TO TELL ME—ALL SAID AND DONE—YOU WAS ONLY EDUCATED PRIVATELY!"

supposition. If somebody shoots the Minister of War in Check-and-gobackia, what of it? It is a matter of interest but will have no repercussions.

Examples.

"Six hundred and fifteen American school-teachers have been transformed into goldfish by a small Lithuanian gnome at present living in voluntary political exile in Osaka."

(*Note.*—Half-a-dozen items of this sort can be put together in one column under the heading "The Rest of the News" or "Foreign Telegrams." This gives an impression of enormous industry and is also convenient for the compositors.)

"HORRIBLE TRAGEDY AT LYONS.

An Exchange telegram from Lyons states that a workman there yesterday filled his mouth with explosives and then set light to them. The police are satisfied, however, that his intention was not suicidal. He had been trying out 'Carioso,' a new toothpaste recently put on the market, and was merely trying to get rid of the taste."

* * *

"TEXLAHOMA, Saturday.

Joe Bumberg, the celebrated American faucet-dancer, has announced in a Press interview that he has refused to write for the news-



THE SOCIETY FOR THE FLOUTING OF POPULAR INHIBITIONS HALLOOING BEFORE LEAVING A WOOD.

papers or do anything else unworthy of a true professional."

* * *

"Ljubljana is at present suffering from a plague of flying ants. 'They are at least as big as my thumb,' says the village postmaster, 'though not so big as the hailstones that fell last March. They were the size of walnuts.'"

You might possibly get away with this:—

"A Tibetan priest practising on his trumpet yesterday sustained severe injuries when a note which had in some way become held up in the interior emerged suddenly as he was applying his eye to the far end."

QUOTATIONS FROM FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS.

There is practically no limit to what you can do in this line if you obey the rules carefully. Foreign newspapers are unanimous in their dislike of England and similar in many other ways. However, you cannot just quote from any newspaper you like, and we append a list from which it is essential to choose:—

Le Matin.
L'Intransigeant.
A.B.C. (Madrid).

The New York Herald Tribune.
Deutschland Allgemeine Zeitung.
Völkische Beobachter.
Berliner Tageblatt.
The Christian Science Monitor.
Popolo d'Italia.
Giornale d'Italia.
Pravda.
Isvestia.
The Nazi Angriff.

No other newspapers may be mentioned by name. Just say "the Danish newspapers" or "the Lithuanian Press." By way of variety you can speak of "the Government Organ," and in America of "the Hearst Press."

Examples.

"Dr. Sprutz, the famous Nazi fanatic and apologist, writing in the *Völkische Beobachter*, says that he will not now gainsay the claim that Germany lost the War. 'The Nordic Man,' he says, 'thinks more of honour and glory than the mere winning of wars.'"

* * *

"According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* a patriotic poultry fancier has succeeded in breeding a hen that has straight straw-coloured feathers, blue eyes and a beak without the usual curve. The bird has been provisionally named 'Nordica.'"

UNCONFIRMED RUMOURS AND BASELESS STORIES.

If for reasons of policy you wish to suggest something ridiculous or unpleasant about a foreign potentate, you do it by means of the technique of the Baseless Story. The object of this procedure is to prevent your victim from making a diplomatic protest, which he probably would do if you just simply published your story as it stands. What you do is to prefix the formula: "There is no truth in the rumour that . . ." The foreign potentate cannot protest, as you have said nothing and done nothing that could possibly give offence, but as the public is a firm believer in the maxim "Where there's smoke there's fire," you achieve exactly the same result as though you had made a direct statement.

Examples.

"There is no truth in the rumour that Admiral Warthog, dictator of Check - and - gobackia, has offered MUSSOLINI the North Pole provided he goes there and stays there."

* * *

"It is officially denied that Admiral Sir EDWARD EVANS ('Evans of the *Broke*') said recently that there was no such place as Bonvet Island, as, if there were, some British battleship

would be sure to have run aground on it by now. The actual expression used was 'run across it.'

MAPS.

One special word about maps. Though it is hardly of use to the beginner, it is interesting to know that one of the joys (for editors) of wars—Colonial or otherwise—is that they can always fill up anything up to a page with large-scale maps of the fighting areas. Moreover it is most economical, as the same map can be used over and over again.

(Don't miss Lesson III. of this series. It's colossal.)

Punic War.

As far as guile goes Mifsud and Josef were evenly matched. Josef, a Sicilian, lived in, and thus had a certain advantage. On the other hand Mifsud, the Maltese, had been in Pratt's employ a month longer, and he enjoyed the company of his master down to Tunis every day in the car to do the marketing.

Josef's first move was in the matter of eggs. No one could beat Mifsud in the buying of really fresh eggs. Thus, when by accident he came across one

pushed back into the recesses of the kitchen chimney one day, he was filled with suspicion and, having marked it, he put it back.

Sure enough it was not long before Josef placed on Pratt's breakfast-table an egg of such rottenness that no vocabulary could sufficiently condemn it. Josef, who awaited the issue in the kitchen, came promptly in at the sound of Pratt's profanity. This, he sniffed, was an example of the food which Mifsud purchased for his master. He, Josef, could provide eggs of unimpeachable freshness if Pratt would put the buying into his hands.

It was Mifsud's turn then to unmask the villain. He requested Pratt to examine the shell and tell him whether it did not bear a private and indelible mark. He then exposed the plot which had been hatched against his honour.

Mifsud's revenge was long meditated. The villa which Pratt had taken in Carthage was built, inevitably, on historic ground, in any cubic yard of which might be found relics of Romans and the Carthaginians whom they ruined. Pratt was keen on such relics and the guides in Carthage had discovered with disgust that he could distinguish Punic from Greek or Roman handiwork, and Manchester from both.

Josef, who took care of the garden, had found under the subsoil a patch of ruin rich in pieces of clay lamps and amphoræ. These he sold to Pratt, saying that he had purchased them himself from Arab farmers. It was Mifsud's plan to invade Josef's territory and plant therein a seed which would flower to his own advantage.

"Monsieur," he said mysteriously one morning when, having started off in the car as usual, they had rounded the first corner, "will you give yourself the pain of arresting the auto here for a little moment?"

"Why?" Pratt demanded.

"Monsieur will perhaps find something of interest here," Mifsud said with such urgency that Pratt yielded.

They climbed out of the car, and Mifsud led his master through the garden of an unoccupied villa immediately behind that rented by Pratt. Peering through a hole in the dividing wall Pratt saw Josef hard at work digging in an outlying portion of his garden. He had excavated a hole larger than was necessary for gardening, and as they watched they saw him stop and remove from the earth a small black object which he examined with no little excitement.

Mifsud beckoned Pratt away. "Mon-



"I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. SCOOTER, THE WINNER OF OUR PARENTS' EGG-AND-SPOON RACE."

sieur has seen how Josef occupies the time which he is supposed to spend in the employ of his patron," he said virtuously. "Monsieur is now able to ask himself whence come the antiques for which he has paid Josef. Josef will have told Monsieur that he has purchased them and sells them for little profit, whereas in reality they are dug up here in the garden itself."

Pratt looked at him thoughtfully. That evening after dinner Josef approached him.

"I have bought from an old Arab," he said "an antique of such interest that I would like to get permission to take it to the museum." He showed a beautiful little black figurine of lead.

"How much did you pay for it?" Pratt asked.

"Two hundred francs," Josef said unblinkingly.

Mifsud, who was listening from the kitchen, gave a derisive cackle. He himself had given three francs for it to the Arab goat-herd who had picked it up on the hillside beyond Carthage.

"You do not know where it was dug up?" Pratt asked.

"No, Monsieur."

"That is a pity. I would pay twenty francs for it if I could see the spot where it was unearthed," Pratt said carelessly, handing it back.

Josef was hurt. Monsieur was pleased to mock at him. Mifsud, who had appeared from the kitchen, gave Pratt an uneasy glance. These English, there was no telling what they might do. Here, instead of demanding an explanation from Josef and dismissing him with ignominy, Pratt was actually offering twenty francs. Mifsud hovered in the offing. He was three francs out of pocket himself over this affair, yet he could not claim this sum or any other without revealing himself as the villain of the piece. What to do?

Josef had retired into the kitchen and Pratt strolled out into the garden and went to examine the excavation. Both Josef and Mifsud stole after him. There was a long silence while Pratt examined the hole and whistled to himself.

"Monsieur is aware," Josef said in self-defence, "that the scavenger is not constant in his duty. I have dug this hole for the disposal of rubbish."

"It is a good idea," Pratt answered. He continued to poke at the soil.

"Enfn, Monsieur," Josef said, break-

ing down, "it is here that I found the image." He jumped in and pointed to the spot.

"Good!" Pratt said. "Here is twenty francs for your trouble. I will keep the thing as a memento of what was found in my own garden."

Mifsud bit his nails.

"Monsieur," he said the next day, having spent the night in agony, "Joseph is capable of deception."

"But in this case," Pratt reminded him, "I myself saw him dig up the image, which is an interesting thing, though of base metal."

Mifsud glowered.

"He may have put it there himself, *express*," he hinted at last.



"OH! COME QUICK. 'ERE'S A BEETLE WITH 'ANDLE-BARS!"

"That would be a shameful thing to do, of course," Pratt said suavely, "but in this case one cannot accuse him of it, as you took pains that he should not know we were observing him."

Mifsud swallowed hard and departed in deep thought.

Pratt started out for a walk, but having recollected a letter which he wished to post he returned unobserved. Mifsud and Josef were in the kitchen.

"Of that twenty francs," Mifsud was saying loudly, "you will give me the thirteen that you owe me."

"What do you say? I owe you nothing."

"You owe me the price of a rotten egg," Mifsud replied.

The fight was on. Pratt went out again softly, leaving Mifsud to collect his bill if he could.

At the Play.

"THE BRONTËS OF HAWORTH PARSONAGE" (MALVERN FESTIVAL).

OUR father was the first to change the name from Prunty to Brontë, says Anne Brontë, when the sisters, on the stage at the Malvern Festival in *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage*, discuss who will carry on the family name. Mr. JOHN DAVISON, the author of the play, is somewhat inclined to forget that the name was ever Prunty. He is a little over-charged with a sense of the greatness of the familiar name, and his people are driven to live up to it all the time. There are large gains in this. A dramatist who had not felt deeply the contrast between the narrow life of the bleak early-Victorian vicarage and the extraordinary mental gifts that were born and grew to such stature in that soil, would have made nothing of the subject. Mr. DAVISON has made a great deal, and for the first two Acts we can wait, even when the action is a little slow, because we know great things are coming up out of the earth.

The early writing of the three sisters, the first choosing of the "Bell" pseudonyms, the success of *Jane Eyre*—these events are excellently shown, and an atmosphere of literary excitement, which centres in the ringleader, Charlotte (Miss MARJORIE LANE), and her sister, Anne (Miss BRENDA BRUCE), spreads over the footlights and communicates itself to everybody. Miss LANE's very able Charlotte is decided and eager, resolutely set on the tangible rewards of authorship, but in admirable command of the household, measuring a voice with some Irish accent against the broad Yorkshire of old Tabby (Miss MARIE AULT). Miss AULT's performance was altogether first-rate; she never suggested, as character-actors so often do, that the character was complacently conscious of her own idiom and individuality, and kept her objective, wrapped up in a household that might have daunted a less sturdy soul. It is with Emily that Mr. DAVISON seemed to me to be less successful and to have set Miss YVETTE PIENNE on a very hard road. Mr. DAVISON will not lend himself to the attempts to build too much on the special ties binding Emily to her brother Bramwell. He easily makes

Emily very intense in the home and consistently difficult for anybody to live with, without managing to convey her great quality. Her death in the sitting-room, following on that of *Bramwell*, is a thing no producer should have permitted. *Bramwell* is shown drinking himself to death, and Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY makes him all too real and unpleasant. There is little suggestion here that he had very much in him. The *Rev. Patrick Brontë* (Mr. RONALD KERR) and his curate (Mr. RUSSELL WATERS) show the clergy of a century ago—the one with grave weaknesses, the other plainly bursting with hidden merit.

The last Act is very much the weakest, but it is perhaps asking a great deal of a dramatist to expect his Brontës to die off stage. One, at any rate, does so with great good taste, and we are not surprised, for everything about *Anne Brontë* as Miss BRENDA BRUCE plays her is singularly attractive and good-natured. She, even more than *Charlotte*, redeems the parsonage from its darker shadows. D. W.

At the Revue.

"FOLIES DE FEMMES"
(LONDON CASINO).

A FIRST visit to the new London Casino (this is its second programme) satisfies me that our entertainment-list has been notably enriched; for what pleasanter way can there be of spending an evening than dining comfortably in the auditorium of a theatre, dancing on the stage to an excellent band and subsequently watching a cabaret which qualifies easily as a first-class variety show and is not just a song or two hurled across a spotlight restaurant?

The ventilation, first essential of a happy evening, is good. The theatre-seats have all been replaced by tables and backed sofas, and the tiers are well banked. The decoration is based on soft pinks, agreeably carried out, and the lighting is naturally indirect. The band is split into two clumps on either side of the stage, and there is an amount of room for dancing unusual in these days when dance-floors so often resemble a newly-opened tin of pilchards. There are two sessions, one for dinner from 7.30–11, and one for supper from 11–2.

M. JEAN LE SEYEUX, of the "Folies Bergère," has staged the cabaret, and it bears all the marks of the best Parisian production. The dresses are lovely and the wardrobe apparently endless; the spectacular scenes are conceived with originality; no effect is held overlong, and the changes are made with the utmost rapidity.

To my mind the chief feature of the programme is the acrobatic dancing,

antics to the sounds of a whistle which the senior BREDWIN is constantly on the point of swallowing.

Acrobatics in a different line are provided by FREDDY ZAY—one of those master-men, very dear, I confess, to my heart, who juggle while perched on an enormously high one-wheeled cycle. He can hold it stationary with one foot and transform himself into a hoop-la exhibit, and never for a second does there seem the remotest chance of his falling off.

Under the title of "Montmartre" a genius named CHOPPY presents a startling method, new at any rate to me, of satirising the human face; he limns it boldly in oil paints on the bare back of a chorus-girl who is otherwise obscured and who has been trained to make little dorsal movements which radically alter the expression of the face. CHOPPY and his assistants gave us a whole row of these strange goggling creatures, and a good laugh.

LITTLE FRED and his teams of footballing, or rather noseballoning, not-quite-bulldogs also commend themselves to me. One of the goal-keepers is up to international standard, and there is a little centre-half who dominates the game. When they feel like it the players show no hesitation in carrying it right into the orchestra. This item should obviously be called "The Pup Final"—I make a present of this to LITTLE FRED.

A brief *ballet* which indulges in mild satire at the expense of the League of Nations is embellished with a poor impersonation of Mr. BALDWIN and an admirable one of the NEGUS; and in another *ballet*, John Bull, La Belle

France and MUSSOLINI entreat each other's favours.

The best of the spectacular turns are "Women and Feathers," in which masses of coloured feathers are magnificently grouped, "Military Fashions," a very colourful parade, and "Nautical Creations," which include some excellent masks.

ERIC.

"KAY STAMMERS AS FILM STAR."

Headline.

She won't do for the talkies.



"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."

which is as good as I have ever seen. There is a lady named ANITA JAKOBI whose filleted grace is something to remember; she turns backward cartwheels as easily as you or I would butter our toast, and she rolls and bowls herself about the stage with deceptive gaiety. There is also a gentleman named PIROSKA, who seems to have been born with universal joints in his legs, and uses them to remarkable advantage. There are also some delightful knockabout-men, the 3 BREDWINS, who go through their

More School Speech Days.

OPPORTUNITY IN A CHANGING WORLD.

THE Speech Day of the Bishop Stumble School, Gumble, was held yesterday in the School hall, Mr. Swing Bridge, Chairman of the Board of Governors, presiding.

Mr. E. E. Crumble (Headmaster), presenting a very loud report, said the past year had been one of unrelieved and indeed monotonous success, which he could not for the life of him understand.

The prizes were presented by Lord Sigismund Zootle, a former student of the School, who said they looked a much more interesting lot than those he used to fail to get. Speaking of the changing world the boys would soon be going out into, he said it was a very different one from that which they had come in out of. The important thing was to grasp opportunity by the flint-lock.

CLUNKER'S TEMPERANCE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Prizes were presented at Clunker's Temperance School for Girls, Shipshire, yesterday by the Rev. T. Total, M.P., who told the girls that brandy was the chief thing to steer clear of in the world to-day. Time and again they would be offered brandy, but they must refuse it. They would be told that it was a restorative, but the answer to that was, what did it restore? Were not the qualities restored by brandy all too often those that any really womanly girl had been very glad to get rid of? He also urged his hearers to resist the insidious lure of every kind of side-car.

Referring to the recent discovery of a bottle of rum in the School milk bar, the Headmistress in her report said that this was an isolated instance of high (or over-proof) spirits which the visitors must not imagine was typical. The rum was not very good rum. Turning to the year's successes, the Headmistress commented on the fact that the number of convictions of Old Girls for driving under the influence of drink had again been reduced.

BICEPS COLLEGE, MUDFLAT.

The Big Day of Biceps College, Mudflat, was held on Saturday in Tiny Hall, Tremendous Hall (where the ceremony usually takes place) being full of weasels. Commenting on this fact, Sir Charles MacScooter, who presented the prizes, said he was delighted to find the old place so little changed. In his day Tremendous Hall had been full four times of mice, twice of rabbits, once of treacle and hay, and once of an elephant, but he congratulated the bright spirit who had thought of weasels. On going out into the great world, with its manifold and daily increasing opportunities for advancement in arms, sport, science, and even art or learning, the boys would, he felt sure, find many other things that might be profitably filled with weasels.

The special prizes for boys who were head of Top, top of Head, best in Bigs and brightest in Clevers were won respectively by A. Choke, O. Butt, E. Copp, and Z. Y. Kayoumhouyoudjianski.

UPPER LOW SCHOOL, SHOUTING MAGNA.

The Archbishop of the Atlantic distributed the prizes on Tuesday at Upper Low School, Shouting Magna, and spoke of the advantages of having standard sizes for rectangular watch-glasses. He said that one thing frequently forgotten by hasty thinkers was the annoyance suffered by the owner of a rectangular watch the glass of which was broken. This unhappy personage usually found himself compelled to wait for several days while a new glass was cut in the correct size to fit the face of the watch. "You are all on the threshold of life," the Archbishop went on,

"and I do so urge you all to remember that if rectangular watch-glasses were made in standard sizes this irritating delay would often be to a very considerable degree almost if not quite avoided."

A vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Glue, a Governor of the School, who said they would always think of the Archbishop in future whenever they looked at a broken watch.

THE OLD SCHOOL, TEYE.

The Old School, Teye, held its Prize Day yesterday. Mr. I. Crowe-Barr, Headmaster of the Old School, Bullseye, presented the prizes, and said that the world was too much with us. Late and soon, getting and spending, we laid waste our powers; little we saw in Nature that was ours; we had given our hearts away, which was a sordid boon. He went on to say that there was a time when meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight, to him did seem apparelled in celestial light, but it was not now as it had been of yore.

The Headmaster expressed sympathy with Mr. Crowe-Barr and said that his own heart leapt up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. So had it been when his life began, so was it now he was a man, and so let it be when he should grow old or let him die. Meanwhile the School's record for examinations during the past year had been conspicuously successful. In conclusion he would say that, though nuns fretted not at their convent's narrow room, hermits were contented with their cells, and students with their pensive citadels, and maids at the wheel, the weaver at his (the weaver's) loom sat blithe and happy, he (the Headmaster) was venturing to ask friends of the School for subscriptions towards the cost of a new bicycle-shed to replace the old one, which had become inadequate.

The Chairman of the Governors said that a visit to the School was very enjoyable for those like himself who had been long—if he might venture a brief quotation—"in city pent."

R. M.

Invitation to the Ball.

(Written after a surfeit of Women's Magazines.)

"Oh, Mother, fill my bath with 'Softo' water
And bring the soap called 'Lilies of Delight';
Send out and buy some 'Poudre de Pharaoh's Daughter,'
For I must look my very best to-night.
I'll need a lot of time for my complexion
If I'm to be the envy of the ball—"
"Be quick, my darling girl, you look perfection—
And Mr. Brown is waiting in the hall."

"I haven't creamed my back and shoulders, Mother,
And 'Beauty Culture' says that needs an hour;
I'm pretty sure my hair will take another
Before I spray with 'Scent of Passion-Flower.'
How can a girl get dressed in such a hurry
If she's to look like anything at all?
I know it's rather late, but don't you worry—
Is Bertie Brown still waiting in the hall?"

* * * * *

"Oh, Mother, I'm afraid my face wants lifting.
I do believe my hair is turning grey,
I've wrinkles round my eyes, my chin is drifting—
What can have wrought this havoc and decay?
I simply can't go out like this, and—oh dear!
Is Bertie Brown still waiting in the hall?"
"Your friend grew tired of waiting years ago, dear;
To-night he takes his daughters to the ball."

What Words Indeed!

To my great surprise, and, I rather fancy, pain, I have alighted, in a periodical called *Sussex Homes*, on another new word. "Yachtage." But it does not mean what the ordinary reader would think. To the uninitiated, who speaks of nonage or dotage, the term "yachtage" would naturally refer to the period of time spent by this or that person in a yacht. That, however, would be wrong. "Yachtage" does not specify a condition but an article. It is a descriptive word, allied both in sound and meaning to "cottage"; and exactly as a humble rustic or a less humble week-end occupier a cottage, so does, I learn, the owner of a five-tonner at Ichenor, on an arm of Chichester Harbour, now occupy a yachtage, which is the latest form of little house close to the water.

Yachtage then is one of the latest new words, and some day no doubt it will have companions, such as "jottage," as the home of a writer; "plottage," as the home of a dramatist; "rottage," of a rotter; "sottage," of a drunkard; "tottage," of a crèche; and "wottage," of an encyclopædist. But I hope that that day is far distant. "Yachtage" is quite enough to go on with.

Another new word—or as, at first, I thought, new and single—I saw a little while ago as I was pausing immediately behind a van, with nothing to do but to study it. On this vehicle I saw what I took to be a new word: "Oratany." After a while I found, of course, that it was really three words referring to the ubiquity of the transport firm—"or at any part." The painter, for want of space, had run them together; but I first thought of them as one, and as one I shall continue to think of them, and shall remember that if ever we decide upon enriching our vocabulary, this is one of the ways.

As an illustration of what I mean, let us go to that august source, a *Times* leader. By careful elision I find myself in possession of several new combinations of letters, all reasonable. The commonest blends are formed by the last letters of a word ending in a vowel, such as "the," and the first of the next, a consonant. If, for example, the next is "better," you get "thebetter" or "thebet" or "thebe"—or "theb," which would not be adopted because it is too like someone with a cold in the head saying "them." And "Hebe" we already have. Other new words are easily obtainable when the second word begins with a vowel, such as, for example, "opinion."



"IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MR. SPRIGG, BUT I THINK THIS BIT'S A BETTER ONE AFTER ALL."

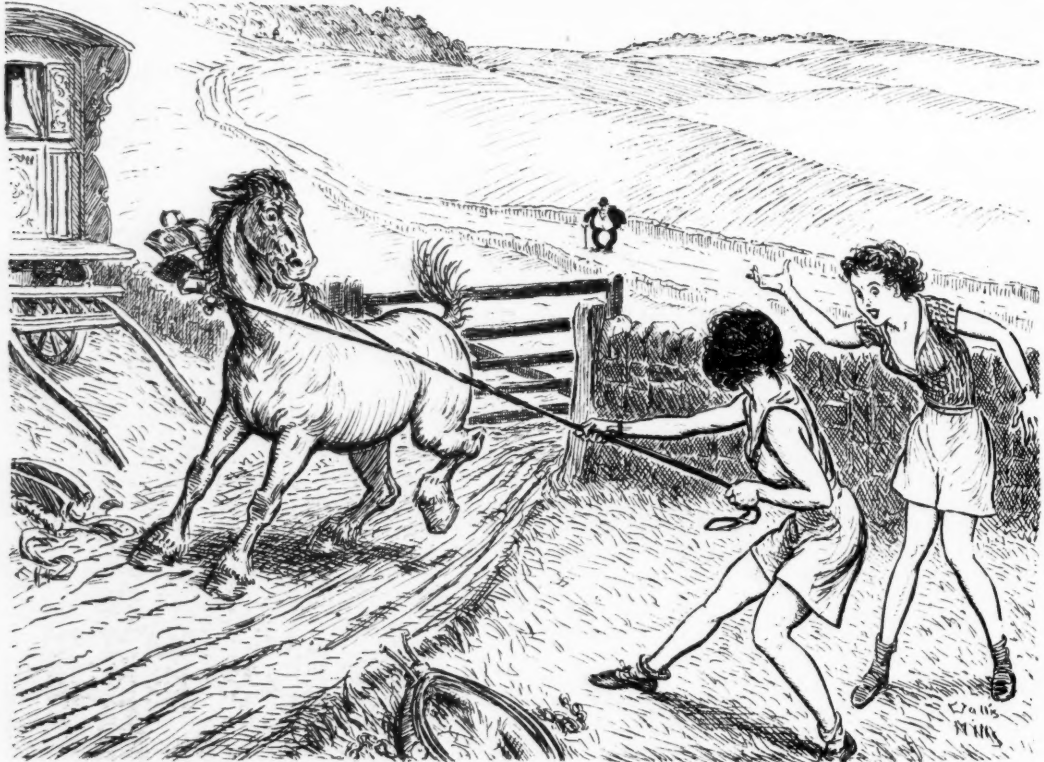
If, as in the present case (and in most cases), the preceding word is "public," you get "lico," and "blico," and "licop," and "copin." Copin might signify a pal, being near the French "*copain*," but what the rest would mean I have no idea; yet I have, I am sure, hit on a continuous spring.

And this belief was fortified when I read, only last week, in an American novel, about a reporter in a hurry who went to a garage to hire a "U-drive-it." As the phrase was used in a natural casual way, I must suppose that "U-drive-it" is the ordinary word for a car that is let out without a chauffeur.

But there is a quicker way even than that combination by which vocabularies could be augmented, and that is by substituting new initial letters for old. Take Labour, for example, a word that we see on every side, not seldom accom-

panied by threats. We all know what Labour stands for; but we should have to find meanings for Babour and Cabour and Dabour and Fabour and Gabour and Habour and Jabour and Mabour and Pabour and Quabour and Rabour and Vabour and Wabour and Yabour and Zabour. LEWIS CARROLL would have defined these neologues at once.

I have been thinking of what awkward situations we could be plunged into by unexpected words. Fancy handing a taxi-driver his just fare, and, after a flood of abuse, getting the apology: "Pardon me, Sir, I was unreasonable. I acted on an ill-considered impulse. No one should expect any advance upon his earned fee. In fact, to accept it is to forfeit one of man's sublimest gifts—*independence*." E. V. L.



"THERE'S A MAN WHO SIMPLY MUST KNOW ALL ABOUT HORSES."

The Body.

It was Edith's idea that my novel should be a detective novel.

"I think you are too innocent to write a sex novel," she said; "and anyway sex novels require a knowledge of semi-high society. You know what I mean—people who live in flats with nothing on the instalment system except the radiogram. And you can't write an ordinary pleasant literary sort of novel, because that requires style. Style doesn't matter very much in detective novels, so you'd better stick to that."

The first thing of course was the plot, and I soon hit on rather a clever idea. In the first chapter a man would be found pulling a knife out of his uncle, from whom he was to inherit a tremendous fortune. The man who was pulling the knife out was to be young and handsome and heavily in debt. In fact if his uncle hadn't happened to die that very day he (Young and Handsome) would have been arrested for embezzlement.

Other characters would be introduced after the young man was

arrested. A stockbroker with one eye, a bishop, a mad Chinaman, a gunman from Chicago, a maiden aunt and a faithful butler.

For eighty thousand words the reader would be kept guessing, because it would gradually become obvious that none of the minor characters had any motive whatever for killing the old man. And in the end it would turn out that the young man who had been seen pulling the knife out of the body had done it, which would of course occasion immense surprise.

"What shall we call the Body?" I asked Edith. "The pseudo-hero of course is Dick or Jack. The stockbroker is Carthew—stockbrokers are usually Carthew or something very like it; the bishop needn't have a name, and the maiden aunt must of course be Hester. Your reader of detective fiction is a stickler for tradition, and there are only a few permissible names for each sort of character. The faithful butler must be either Parker or Jenkins. The mad Chinaman should be Wong or Ling; the public wouldn't stand for anything but Wong or Ling."

"As the Body is a rich uncle," said

Edith, "surely his name should be Jasper?"

"Living rich uncles are always Jasper," I explained, "but this is a dead rich uncle. Rich uncles named Jasper can get killed as the book proceeds, but when they are just bodies from the start you can't call them Jasper. It isn't done."

"Abraham Smith sounds like a body," said Edith.

"Like a body, I grant you," I admitted, "but not the body of a rich uncle. Abraham Smith would almost certainly be the body of a Mysterious Stranger found on the Embankment, not a rich uncle found comfortably stabbed on his own library carpet."

"What about Roger?"

"We must reserve Roger," I said, "in case we want a Missing Heir. Missing Heirs are always Roger. I don't think the public would stand for any other sort of Roger, dead or alive."

"I've got it," said Edith at last—"Mortimer!"

Of course! Could a dead rich uncle lying stabbed on his library carpet be anything but Mortimer?



"YOU KNOW, MUMMY, I DON'T LIKE SCHOOL VERY MUCH. THEY MAKE ME LEARN THINGS WHAT I DON'T KNOW."

The Wapengale or Wap.

(Lines suggested by a recent correspondence in "The Times.")

I HAVE gleaned much information
On the bittens' bombination
And the plaintive ululation
Nocturnally emitted by the owl;
And I've hunted the woodpecker
On the margin of the Neckar
And searched the works of FLECKER
For allusions to the habits of this
fowl.

But the laughter of our yaffles
Conjecture fairly baffles,
And even Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES
Is silent on the motive of their glee;

Still, their other nicknames strike us
As proving the green *picus*—
Though not *hominum amicus*—
Far more hostile to the oak or
beechen tree.

So I see no need for scrapping
The old names for their yapping
And assiduously tapping
The vitals of the beech-trees or the
oaks
Where the bark is frail and brittle,
Such as "awl-bird," "hew-hole,"
"whittle,"

Which I think leave very little
Ground for action by neologising
blokes.

And though a Lincoln cleric,
Full of knowledge esoteric,
Finds an analogue generic
In the "wapentake" to justify his
choice

Of "wapengale," my benisons
I give, with ALFRED TENNYSON'S—
Greatest of Lincoln's fenny sons—
To "yaffingale" in virtue of its voice.

C. L. G.



"THEY'D BE HALF-A-CROWN AT LEAST IN GOLDERS GREEN—SPECIALLY STRAIGHT OFF THE FIELD LIKE THIS!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Truth and Russia.

IN making the claim *I Search for Truth in Russia* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6), Sir WALTER CITRINE does no more than justice to his intentions. There is, however, a big gulf between seeking and finding. Nor will all Sir WALTER's readers be agreed as to the measure of truth with which he returned last year from that Debatable Land. Sir WALTER indeed frankly admits that much of what he found fell short of Soviet ideals, as of his own. At times he was shocked by the open worship of the State as an omnipotent and utterly ruthless controller of human lives. On his own showing dictatorial government—proletarian or otherwise—is an evil to be avoided like the plague. It is also interesting in view of Sir WALTER's own Trade Union experience to find him again and again commenting adversely upon the bad workmanship that he found in many Soviet buildings and factories. "Sordid surroundings for thousands" is the description he applies to the inside of a "Workers' Barracks." Of such buildings, and indeed of living conditions in Russia in general, Sir WALTER gives a highly interesting account in a book that reveals the critical spirit and the professional pride of the British Trade Unionist on every page. But the truth? That is a question that cannot be answered as yet while the Soviet "experiment" is still in progress.

Travelling Light Across Asia.

The .22 rook rifle which Mr. PETER FLEMING carried from Peking to Srinagar has already aroused a pretty little storm of controversy. The pundits pronounced it an armament

ridiculously light for so serious an enterprise. But just because of its lightness (not to mention its proven efficiency in pot-stocking) that little gun might be regarded as symbolic. For Mr. FLEMING and his gallant companion set out and continued to travel light—in material outfit, in linguistic equipment and above all in heart. Two reasons impelled them to their journey. They wanted to find out what was happening in Sinkiang, that remote and hardly accessible province of China, where Bolshevism has emulated Tsarism in mischief-making; and they just wanted to go, believing (with justification) that they would enjoy it. Nor is it difficult to see which motive was the more compelling. The blithe souls of these fellow-travellers were in the journey. So, though Mr. FLEMING's lucid chapters on the Central Asian situation almost persuade us to question his incontrovertible premise that "politics are tiresome things at the best of times," it is the fun of the thing, as he felt and can communicate it, which makes *News From Tartary* (CAPE, 12/6) so delightful to read. Discomforts and perils there were bound to be in a trek over such deserts and such mountains; but he takes them all in his confident stride: they were all part of the day's congenial work. Man and beast, scenery, set-back and strange rations all contributed to the pleasure which by pen and camera he generously shares with us.

A Family History.

I could not make up my mind, while actually reading *Summer of Life* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), by BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR, whether I was more delighted by its "cackle" or irritated by the comparative absence of "horses." As for the cackle, no one who has made in previous books acquaintance with Mrs. KEAN SEYMOUR's charming *Sally*

Dunn, the ideal servant-maid, and with the many members of the *Merrall* family, will fail to enjoy hearing of *Jill* and *Ash* as brides or of *Max's* divorce or *Richie's* progress, though I defy anyone to like the too many pages devoted to an appalling literary game and party intended to amuse little *Tricha* and her friends. Such efforts, though for most of us impossible, might be interesting to take part in, but they are dull beyond words to read about. The death of lovely *Lorna Merrall* and *Sally's* marriage are the two events of the book, but they are not somehow very important; the fireside clime largely created by *Sally* and *Lorna* is the book's real subject and a charming one.

Wessex.

I know not how to start on
Describing the delights
Which F. J. HARVEY DARTON
Gets into what he writes;
Or how his book, *The Marches*
Of *Wessex* (NEWNES), displays,
Enlivens and unstarches
The lore of other days.

Of tours he's taken, walking
Through Dorset low and high,
He tells, like people talking
In pleasant company;
Not as a sage severely
Expounding, but as though
You were no listener merely,
But also in the know.

Beneath his gentle ægis
You take your strolling will
From Studland to Lyme Regis,
Shaftesbury to Portland Bill,
In highways, fairways, by-ways,
And I would fain be there
Again to make them my ways
As once, long since, they were.

The Sleuth Scholarly.

Hardly, perhaps, for the general reader, yet a refreshing challenge to the bookworm, *The Problem of Hamlet: a Solution* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) gives a new and fascinating turn to the provenance and contemporary fortunes of the play. The contention is briefly this: *Hamlet*, usually relegated to 1600 or so, appeared not later than August, 1589. This necessitates re-dating and accelerating the appearance of other plays, which is tentatively and provisionally done. But the *Hamlet* question is gone into thoroughly, *via* the prompt-copies and piracies that furnished forth the two Quartos and the First Folio. The theory that there was an earlier *Hamlet* by KYD is dismissed, NASH's letter, usually supposed to allude to KYD, being focussed on SHAKESPEARE. Perhaps the most interesting part of the inquisition is that played by original research—coupled, of course, with textual criticism. What Mr. A. S. CAIRNCROSS does not know of the shifts of Elizabethan players is obviously not worth knowing. He pounces on a contemporary allusion like a terrier on a rat: even the *Port Book of London* has been successfully ransacked to



"HEAR'S HERCULES WILBERFO'CE WANNA YO' TO GO WALKIN' WID 'IM."

"AH KNOW, MAMMY, BUT AH AIN'T GOIN'. HIS SWELL HAT GIVES MAH AN INFERIAWRITY COMPLEXION."

see when *The Tiger*—alluded to by MACBETH's *First Witch*—made her last probable voyage to Aleppo!

"Never the Twain . . .?"

Mr. DENNIS KINCAID's latest novel might be read as a commentary on KIPLING's most famous maxim. East and West meet in the persons of *Edward Holme* of the I.C.S. and *Naru*, a young Brahman. They like and sympathise, but they cannot quite coalesce. Inevitably *Their Ways Divide* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), and their final fortuitous contact is tragic for both. This, then, is in some sort a parable of modern India. It is a book of sociological import, or, as its publishers put it, "in the best sense it is topical." Mr. KINCAID knows all the Indias—that which, with its mind on the eternal verities, takes small account of the forms and personalities of temporal government; that which speaks of England as home and apes her fashions and foibles; and that which is fretful or violent in self-

conscious discontent. But Mr. KINCAID is too good an artist to blur the individual outline in the mists of the general. His characters are completely particularised, the Indians more completely than the English, and among them *Naru* stands out, over-sensitive and emotional, "wandering between two worlds," never quite renouncing the old gods nor accepting the new, his devotion to *Edward* perpetually daunted by the cool reserve of the West, and turning at last to bitterness against what *Edward* stands for—an appealing and memorable figure. His story and *Edward's*, now separate, now united, are told in a series of vivid scenes in which not only the people but the sights and sounds and scents of a country are evoked.

The Thoroughbred Sophia.

Appearing more and more as an age of "characters," the Victorian prime, as portrayed in its autobiographies, makes short work of the accusations of conventionality levelled especially at its women. Take, for instance, the *Recollections of Sophia Lonsdale* (MURRAY, 9/-), now admirably edited by their writer's cousin, VIOLET MARTINEAU. Daughter of a Canon of Lichfield, grand-daughter of its Bishop, educated by two brilliant and half-a-dozen incompetent governesses, with a year's dull schooling at seventeen, SOPHIA at sixty could look back on a life of keen personal enjoyment and distinguished social service. Her reminiscences, written for her own circle, give candid and amusing pictures of her relatives, Huguenot, Border and Yorkshire, of a crotchety and full-blooded set of sporting ecclesiastics and squires, of horses and dogs of equal variety and calibre, and of the educational pioneers with whom her work for girls brought her into enthusiastic contact. The founding of Lichfield High School, carried gallantly through under showers of official cold water, prove that, given the leisured home (with its possibilities as either a hot-bed of sloth or a strategic centre of good works) the Sophia Lonsdales of this world can be trusted to make the best of it.

Hark Back!

"Hunting" in the U.S. language includes shooting, riding to hounds and the taking of game by all methods. Lady AFSLEY (that very plucky rider) uses the word in that sense in *Bridle Ways Through History* (HUTCHINSON, 16/-),

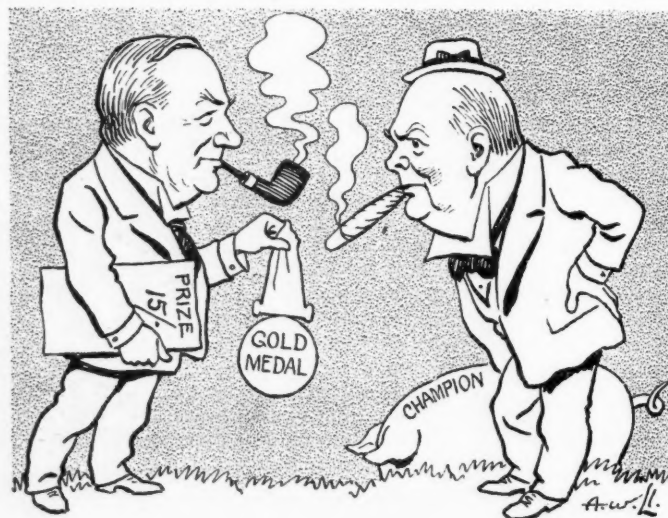
a really good book, for which sportsmen will thank her. It is well illustrated with photographs and the pictures by LIONEL EDWARDS are delightful. Some of the author's researches into the past make curious reading. In 1189 RICHARD I. empowered the burgesses of Colchester to hunt "the fox, the hare and the cat within their borders." I wonder who went up the tree after the last-mentioned game? Then we have quotations from a 1561 book on the chase which deplores the fields' over-riding, getting over the line and talking too much. How modern! So also is the recorded fact that small-holders from Norman days onwards were complaining about damage to their crops and hedges by ill-educated hunting people. One has the utmost respect for those knightly sports-

men (such as CHARLEMAGNE) who were accustomed to ride in on a bayed boar and kill him with a short sword. Even Kadir Cup winners would gulp a little before charging in to do that. The publishers deserve credit for the low price of the production.

A Rigorous Campaign.

When a bevy of fanatics organize a secret society for the promotion of peace at any price, strange and startling events may be expected to occur, and readers of *The Dictatorship of the Dove* (RICH AND COWAN, 3/6) will have no cause to complain of a lack of exciting incident. Suffering from the scourge that war had left behind it these "Doves" were ruthless campaigners, and anyone likely to disturb the peace of the world was

promptly murdered. To break up this organization was the task of Mr. FRANCIS GERARD's detective, *John Meredith*, and he tackled it with admirable calmness and efficiency. Mr. GERARD's story would have been more credible if he had cut out a quartet of American toughs, but those who deem a holiday imperfectly equipped without a supply of sensational literature will revel in this three-and-sixpenny thriller.



"ARCADES AMBO."

Mr. Churchill, "MANY HAPPY RETURNS, STAN! AND IF YOU'D LIKE SOME TIPS ON PIG-BREEDING, WHY NOT DROP IN ON ME AT WESTERHAM—WHAT?"

Mr. Baldwin, "THANKS AWFULLY, WINNIE, OLD BOY; AND IF YOU'LL RUN DOWN TO ASTLEY I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND MY GARDEN—YOU MIGHT THINK IT ALMOST WORTHY OF YOUR BRUSH."

[On Bank Holiday Mr. BALDWIN won a gold medal and a prize of fifteen shillings at the Astley Flower Show, and at Edenbridge Mr. CHURCHILL exhibited the champion cross-bred sow.]



"Man wanted for gardening, also to take charge of a cow who can sing in the choir and blow the organ."—*News Advert.*

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in "PUNCH" is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.